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The Sketch

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WHO'S WHO

No. 2

M....... | William | George

AGED 7 and a bit. Educated, according to his father, at Saturday morning cinema shows; and, less noticeably, at local day-school. Owner of one mongrel puppy (variegated) and two white mice (confiscated). Judges the success of a birthday party by the number of glasses of Kia-Ora he can consume; fails to understand why anything he enjoys so much should be so whole-heartedly approved by his elders.

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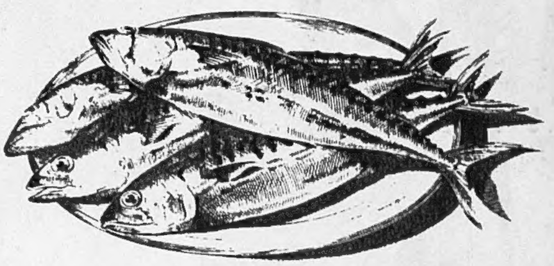

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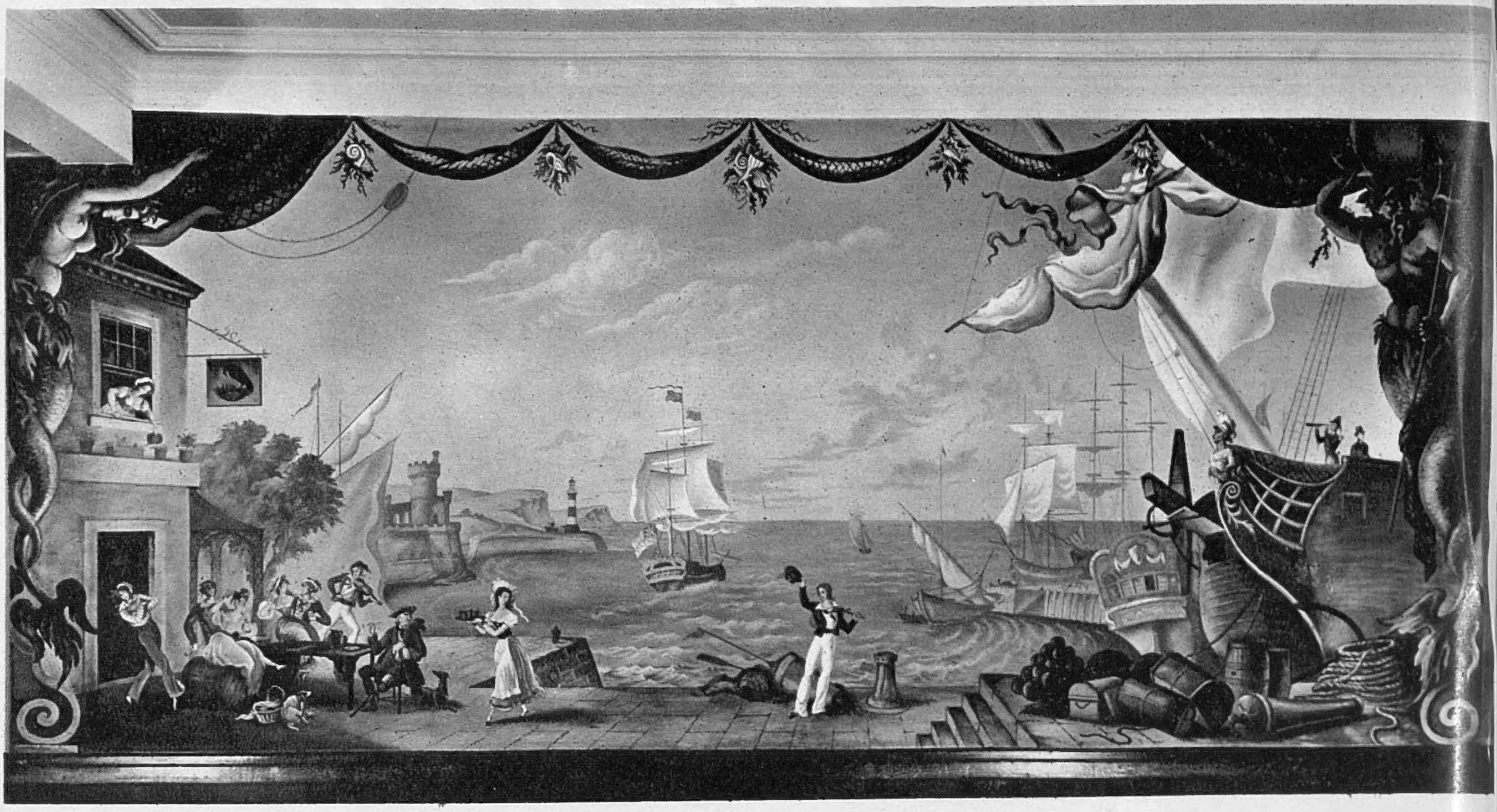
The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1950

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN.

GOLD-RUSH SOUBRETTE

THE talents of eighteen-year-old Judith Whitaker were first spotted in *Annie Get Your Gun* in a minor part. Now she has leapt into the spotlight of juvenile lead in the South African gold-rush musical, *Golden City*, at the Adelphi, in which she acts, sings and dances.



A mural version of "The Sailor's Farewell" recently completed by Roland Pym for the bar of "The Crow's Nest" in Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

HOW strange a thing is August in London! A great silence has come over the Houses of Parliament, for the babel of tongues is ended; and on the empty Terrace you can only hear the burbling of the Thames as it sluices its way to the sea. Here in St. John's Wood the siege of Lord's is over, for there are no matches now that will crowd Hamilton Terrace with motor-cars until one can hardly get out of the garage.

My Aberdeen terrier *Max* sits on the balcony and wonders at the great silence. He did his best barking of the season during the Eton and Harrow match, but was so mellow during the Test that I think he had a secret sympathy with the West Indies. What actors dogs are . . . Think of their range of expression through greed, affection, cunning, defiance, stubbornness, fun and bellicosity, to abysmal boredom. Yet there is no Royal Academy of Dramatic Art to train them.

Max does not like August. For one thing, he has a suspicion that he is going to be left behind, and for another he hates the heat. When I take him for a walk now his legs have no momentum whatever, and after a hundred yards he stands in silent protest against going any farther. Perhaps he is dreaming of a White Christmas, or longing for the nights when he will snuggle down to sleep on the stone floor below with an icy draught between the garage and the garden. Perhaps his heart is in the Highlands.

Even the telephones are staging a sit-down strike. There are two of them on my desk as I write—two instruments without delicacy or sense of timing that in July chattered and shrilled without a stop. Now the confounded things are as quiet as tombstones. What is so useless as a telephone that does not ring? Is there no one in London? Are we left here in St. John's Wood like marooned sailors? It will be exciting to see some people when we reach Le Touquet.

BEFORE the great silence fell upon us, London had an interesting visitor in the person of Mr. Ilya Ehrenburg, of Moscow. I was invited to meet him at the headquarters of the Society for the Development or Encouragement (I forget which) of Anglo-Soviet Cultural Relations. This Society has a permanent headquarters in Kensington Square and the invitation indicated that sherry would be served.

The gathering was not without interest, even if there were some raised eyebrows at the arrival of a Tory cuckoo in the nest. My former Parliamentary colleague, Mr. Pritt, K.C., who became a dispossessed person in the last Election, greeted me with courtesy and what might be described as modified rapture. Ivor Montagu, son of the first Lord Swaythling, was as shock-headed as ever, a gentle, amusing, untidy fellow who has been a friend to Russia for many years. I knew him as a boy when he dwelt in marble halls, younger son to a financial dynasty, but the Communist experiment lured him like a purple sin. No one can accuse him of inconsistency.

In politics as in the jungle the female of the species is more deadly than the male. All the

young women I met were imbued with some inner exaltation which is less attractive in women than in men. One feels that they have no hidden doubts, no secret indecisions. They have embraced the cause with an abandon that is almost indecent. I do not mean that they were not friendly and courteous, but I have always felt a measure of embarrassment in the presence of any female fanatic.

There were three or four members of the Russian Embassy present, and it is perhaps worth noting that Russians have eyes, ears, lips, hands, dimensions (even as you and I), and there is little doubt that they are warmed by the same sun and chilled by the same winter as we are. If this seems like a blinding flash of the obvious, I think that there are times when we have to revert to the simplicities of truth.

Eventually I was invited to a corner with Ilya Ehrenburg and a most competent woman interpreter. He is a man in his late fifties, a playwright and journalist who lived in Paris for many years, now a cultural member of the Russian Parliament and the most skilful propagandist of the Soviet point of view. In the war he played a great rôle when, day and night, he broadcast his rallying cry: " Death to the Invader ! "

As you have heard, Mr. Ehrenburg has protested against the discourtesy of Mr. Richard Crossman, M.P., for revealing what Ehrenburg thought was a private conversation. I would be sorry to hurt his feelings again, but I can assure you that our uninvited guest from Russia said nothing to me which would have brought the faintest blush to a Communist cheek.

" I came here on a cultural visit," he said, " but no one asks me about the Russian theatre, or our literature, or the ballet. It seems that every Englishman is a politician and only interested in politics. Why do you always concentrate on what you do not approve of in the Soviet, and never on the things we are doing which you would approve ? "

" How would you like to live in a country," I asked, " where you could say the Prime Minister is a fool if you feel like it ? "

He did not even smile, although I think there was a time in his life when those eyes must have twinkled easily.

" Our political systems are different," he said. I refrained from saying that I had already suspected that. A photographer asked if he could take a picture of us together, and we agreed. I don't know whether this will win for me the Russian Order of Chastity, Third Class, or put me on the suspected list at the Home Office. I only hope I won't be put in the same cell as Richard Crossman. He talks well, but is the worst listener in seven counties.

* * *

Out in the tainted air of this corrupt Capitalist State with exploited workers sunning themselves in the park, I could not help recalling a pleasant day in June 1939, when Freiherr Rhinebaben lunched at the House of Commons and was greeted warmly by many friends. He was a German of the old school, a diplomat in the German Foreign Office before the Hitler regime, a *bon viveur*, a wit, a grand drinker, a jolly fellow.

We asked him about the Nazis, and he laughed indulgently. " They are silly boys," he said, " all dressed up and marching around, but they will grow up. They are just silly." It was good to hear a German who dared to laugh at the Nazis.

In 1941, I flew to Portugal on my way to the U.S.A., and while waiting for the Clipper, spent two days at Estoril, that lovely haven by the sea. As six of us sat down that night in the dining-room of the hotel we were a little awed by a circular table set for about twenty with a flower in each champagne glass and everything shining like virtue.

Then the party arrived, all Germans. The men were in tropical evening dress, the women were in various frumperies, but the most magnificent of all was the host—no longer Freiherr Rhinebaben but Baron Von Rhinebaben. He saw me and looked puzzled, for we had only met in a crowd at Westminster. Next morning I went for a walk on the front but was pestered by a Portuguese photographer who was determined to take my picture. An hour later, returning from my walk, I saw Rhinebaben in a bathing-suit standing by a big rock in earnest conversation with the Portuguese photographer, who was showing him his day's bag of personalities.

I went to the manager of the hotel and asked him what Rhinebaben was doing in Estoril. With a languid air the manager replied: " He represents the Portuguese interests of a very powerful and well-established business in Germany. In fact, he is the head of it here."

An anti-climax, if you like, but the manager had written something on a slip of paper and shoved it towards me. " That is the firm," he said. He had written one word, G-E-S-T-A-P-O. Then with a bow he took the paper and tore it into a hundred tiny fragments.

* * *

So Mr. Ehrenburg must not be hurt if it is doubted that the only purpose of his visit was to study the British theatre and to interest us in the cultural life of Soviet Russia.

NOW is the season when clubs are closed on a staggered basis, and members of St. James's are offered the hospitality of White's or Boodles while St. James's is cleaned and brushed-up, the courtesy being reciprocated when the process is completed.

But it is not the same. The club bore, away from his own setting, finds his best story frozen on his lips. Where it has been his custom to fix all within range with a baleful eye and hold them fascinated, he sits in silence. He knows that if only he could get started, the members of this strange club would gather around him like flies to a sugar-bowl, but the words will not come. Robbed of the sound of his own voice, his eyes grow glassy and his face is as lifeless as leather. He counts the days until the reopening of his own club, like a lover waiting for the arrival of his mistress. Melancholy has claimed him for its own.

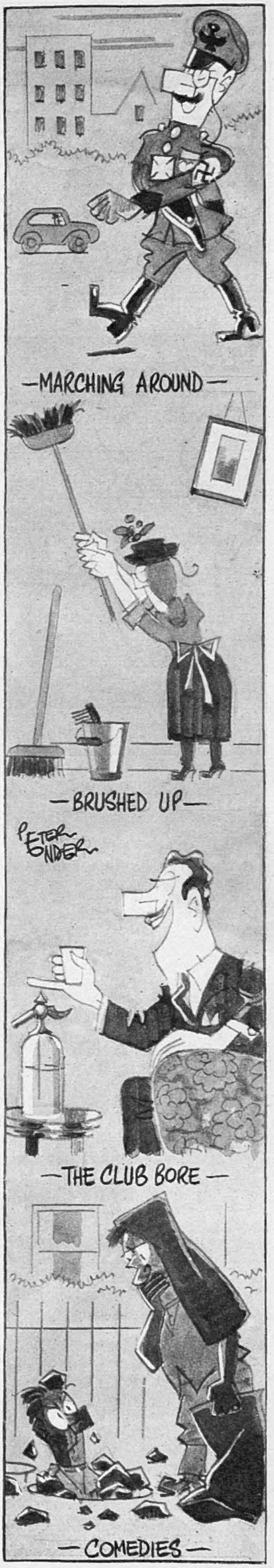
Then there is the silent member who always sits in the same corner and sips his tea at the same hour. No one bothers about him and he bothers no one. Where does he come from ? Where does he go in the morning ? Where does he lunch ? He arrives each day at 3.36 p.m., hangs up his hat and takes the chair which is now his by right of possession.

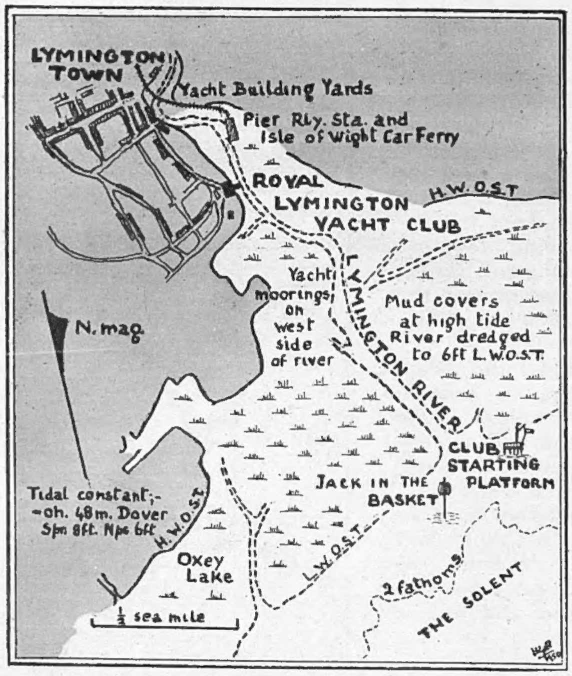
He reads the *Spectator* or *The Times*, but his favourite publication is the *National Geographic Magazine*. Perhaps as he looks at pictures of tropical islands and smoky mountains his imprisoned soul finds release. Perhaps if you could look into his heart you would find that, like the young Prince in the Immortal Hour, he will end his days with a cry of: " Give me my dreams ! "

But he wanders disconsolate when his club is closed. There is no special chair in that other place, no servant to bring him tea at four o'clock exactly. Better a bench in the park than just anybody's chair in a foreign club.

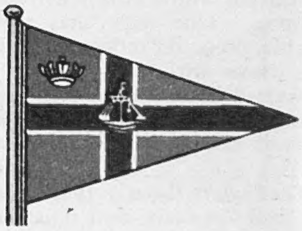
London blinks in the sun, but the little comedies and tragedies play on, even to a dwindling audience, and to the sound of footsteps that are slow because there is so much time and so little to do.

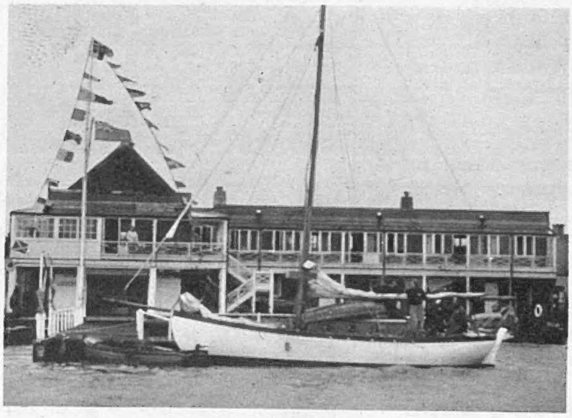
Beverley Baxter





EXTRACTS from the log of the ROYAL LYMINGTON YACHT CLUB





Above (left): The club house, with boat lying alongside the pier. *Above (right)*: The 5-ton yacht *Vertue* 35 leaving Lymington for New York, sailed by her owner, Humphrey Barton, the Club's Rear-Commodore, and sixty-four-year-old Kevin O'Riordan. (Their arrival in New York was recently reported.) *Below*: A typical "field" of 14-ft. "Prams" dodging moored yachts during a race in the ever-crowded Lymington River.

THE Royal Lymington Yacht Club, as you see from its charted position, stands at the water's edge on a site which was once a Coastguard Boat House and is situate in the Lymington River, that small estuary which runs into the West Solent six miles east of the Needles. Its new pier gives deep-water approach, where large yachts can tie up and land passengers and embark stores.

The Club was founded in 1922 by a group of yachting enthusiasts under the leadership of its first Commodore, the late Major Cyril Potter. Our present Commodore, Colonel the Hon. C. H. C. Guest, was one of the Club's earliest members. Under his wise and progressive leadership the Club has adapted itself to the present difficult times.

We were one of the first clubs in England to have a Lady Commodore—and a very good helmswoman the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow is, too.

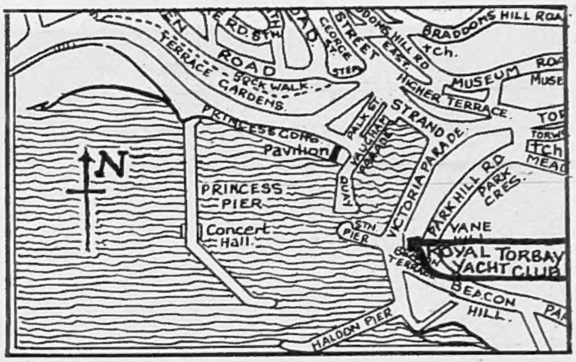
The policy of the Club is to serve equally the interests of our four types, namely: Those who sail about the wide open seas; those who sail about the stormy Solent (and it can be stormy!); those who weave their way through the crowded waters of the river (have you seen our ferry steamers?); and those whose active days are over and who can only take the helm from an armchair.

We race three days a week. Our largest Solent Class is the "X" Class, that popular half-decked type which has flourished since 1924. The River Classes are legion, but the mainstay of the river racing is the "Pram"—a 14-ft. centre-board dinghy eminently suitable for West Solent weather.

Our ocean racing and cruising achievements are inclined to make us a bit cocky. Humphrey Barton, our Rear-Commodore, accompanied by Kevin O'Riordan, a veteran of sixty-four, has recently arrived at New York in his 5-tonner; and twenty-three-year-old Hugo Duplessis sails his little *Crimson Rambler* "to Spain and Ireland."—just like that! Furthermore, our Club was fourth in the inter-club Shield Points Championship for Ocean Racing—so you see. . . .

Secretary.

EXTRACTS from the log of the ROYAL TORBAY YACHT CLUB



THE Royal Torbay Yacht Club, situated in Beacon Terrace, adjoining the harbour at Torquay, is one of the oldest yacht clubs in the country, having been founded in 1863 and granted the Royal Warrant in 1875. The club house enjoys an extensive view of Torbay, and offers all facilities required by the yachtsman, except sleeping accommodation.

For many years the Club was restricted to men only, but in recent years it has catered for women as well, and also has a cadet membership for the encouragement of youngsters. The membership has now reached 145 men and 90 women.

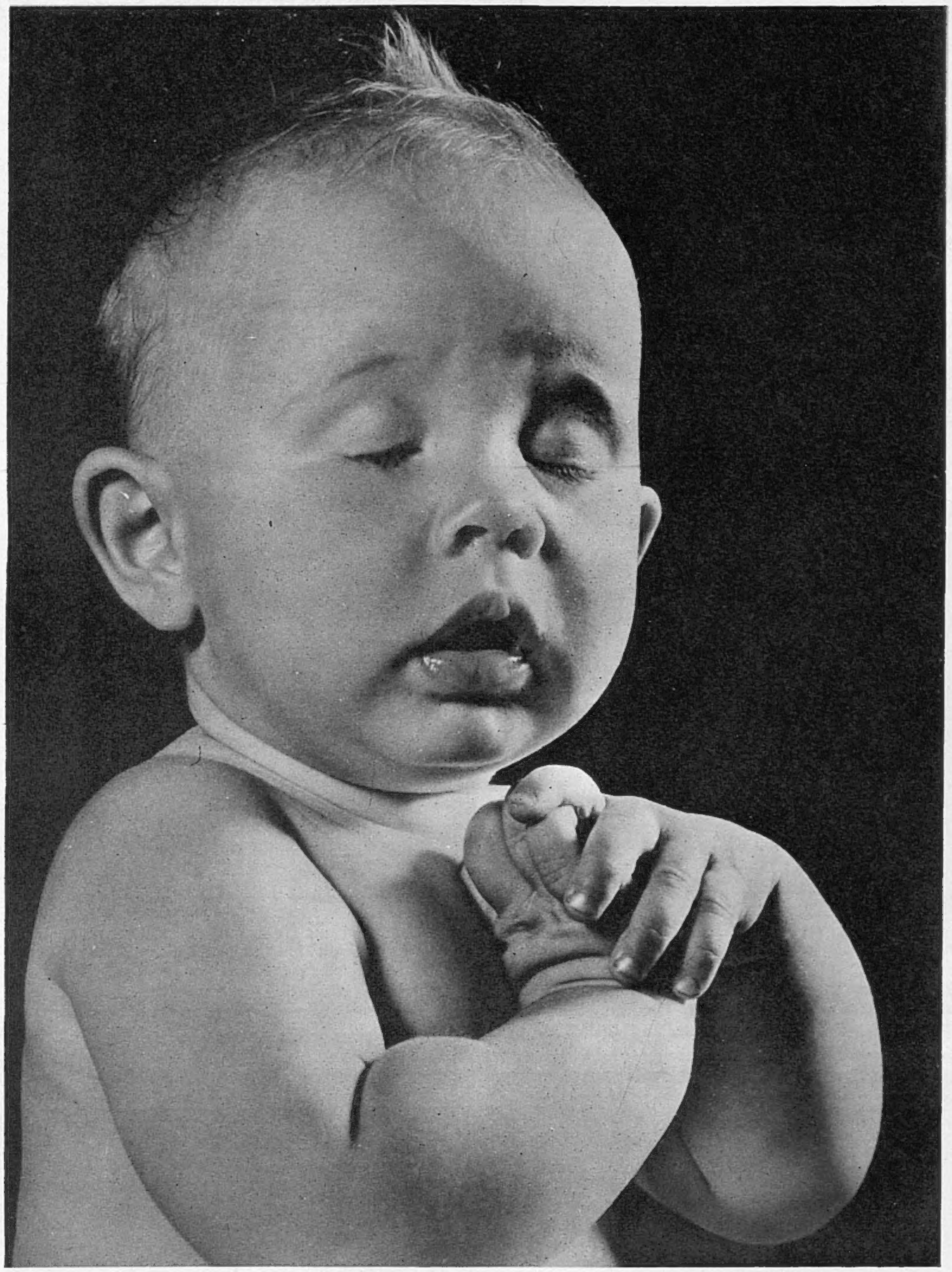
The Club is the headquarters of the West Solent Restricted Class, which has raced regularly in Torbay since [illegible]. This is a strong class, which enjoys keen racing, the crack boat in recent years being *Benita*, steered by the veteran helmswoman Mrs. C. S. Wollen, wife of the late Commodore. Other classes catered for are the popular Dragons, which are growing in number each year, the new West Channel one-design, designed by Morgan Giles Ltd., and—for dinghy sailors—the Looe Redwings. There are also Handicap Classes for very many different types of yachts.

Racing in Torbay begins in May, and a combined fixture list of all the local clubs is agreed by the Torbay Yachting Association. This Association was formed last year to co-ordinate and promote the sport of yachting in Torbay, and is functioning with great success. The season's racing ends in September with a Channel race of about 70 miles. This race is gaining in popularity each year, and visiting yachts are, of course, welcomed as competitors.

Our Commodore, Commander Sir Reginald Leeds, Bt., R.N., sails *Linette* with considerable success in the "W" Class, and has recently become the owner of M.Y. *Winaretta* (ex *Black Arrow*).

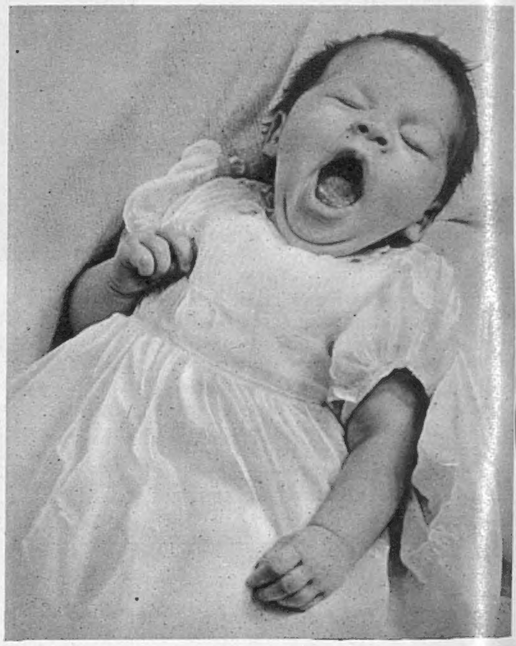
F. S. Jasper
Hon. Secretary.

Above (l. to r.): W. E. Jeffery, E. T. Vachell (Hon. Sailing Secretary), Captain F. S. Jasper (Hon. Secretary), Commander Sir Reginald Leeds, Bt. (Commodore), Lt.-Colonel R. St. G. Brian Gore, F. L. Riseley (Rear-Commodore), C. J. H. Wollen (Vice-Commodore), Major H. G. Mitchell, and T. R. A. Windeatt. *Below*: The start of a handicap class, with a West Channel one-design—No. (W.) 4—at centre right, then a 6 of the Class, and this Club in their H.Q.

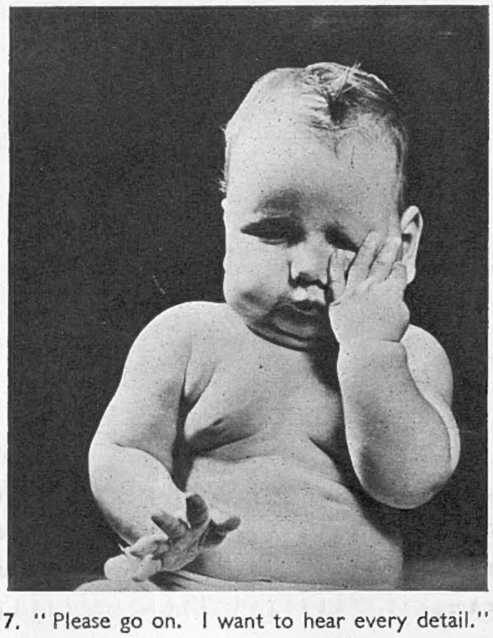


1. "My dear Sir, the Client is our only interest."

2. "Besides, anyone can see you are extremely intelligent."

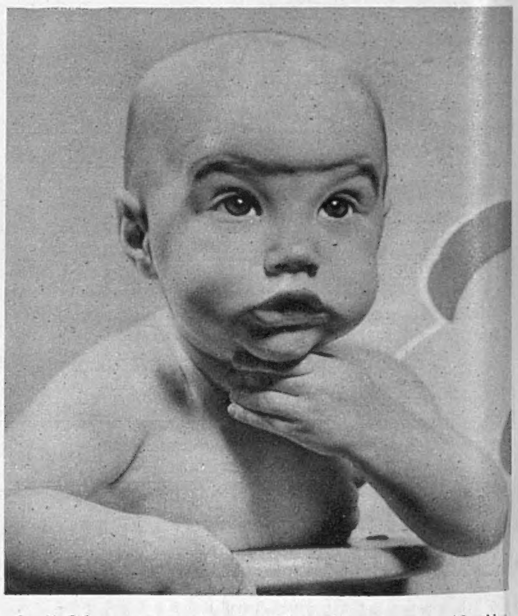


6. "Now—regarding your very interesting proposal."



7. "Please go on. I want to hear every detail."

8. "I think I have the very thing you need."



9. "Of course, the waiting list is terrific."

3. " In fact, I wish sincerely there were many more like you."

4. " It 's so much easier to deal with a gentleman."

5. " For there are some pretty phoney customers about nowadays."

STORK'S-EYE VIEW ON SALESMANSHIP

THERE is a little child in all of us, and in these days when selling anything is almost impossible it is interesting to see where that art originates.

These photographs come from U.S.A. by courtesy of *Parents Magazine*, who published them as a supplement aimed at advertising men.

Photographs Nos. 1, 4, 7, 9 and 11, by Constance Bannister ; Nos. 2, 5 and 10, by Roy Pinney ; No. 3, by Doris Pinney ; No. 6, by Ilse Bing ; No. 8, by Elizabeth Hibbs.

10. " Let me see . . . with Purchase Tax, that will be . . ."

11. ". . . and the same to you ! "

Candid Cameo

ERIC LINKLATER

By Moray McLaren

IN Scotland to-day we have no need of a "Stately Pleasure Dome," such as Kubla Kahn once decreed in Xanadu. We have our own, none statelier nor more full of pleasure—Eric Linklater's noble head. It would be too much to say that it is "A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice"; for it is hewn out of our north-east granite, and is impervious to sun and frost. The only effect the weather ever has on it is when the sinking sun catches its upper slopes. Then (like that other and equally deeply crannied Scottish landmark, Edinburgh Castle rock at sunset) it blushes, becomes effulgent, and is rose-crowned.

Effulgent and rose-crowned, too, have I seen it on other occasions when the sun has long disappeared, the windows have been closed and the shutters drawn against our northern winter night. Then, indeed, when "Link" has tired the sun (but not the company) with talking, and sent him down the sky, then does one perceive in the luminous glow of his cranium the outward and visible sign of his immense fecundity of words and ideas.

On one memorable occasion I came into full collision both with the flood of ideas and words and with the dome whence they issue. It was late at night, in one of those high-perched Edinburgh flats that ride the winter blasts like ships in a storm. It may have been the influence of the weather or the influence of something else, but our literary discussion soon warmed into a full-dress flyting between Linklater and myself on the subject of Racine's poetry. Angered beyond mere words by some insult that Link had just uttered, I rushed upon him. He continued, in that level, deep voice of his, to go on talking, and held his ground. He merely lowered his dome, and when I came upon him raised it majestically. I was caught somewhere about the middle of the body, and sailed right over him, sailed through the air that was thick with tobacco, whisky fumes and literary platitudes and paradoxes, to land on an oaken floor upon my own by no means insubstantial dome. When I recovered consciousness ten minutes later, Link was still talking. . . .

I may say that this incident, somewhat "mauled and twisted" by Link's powers of imaginative recollections, appeared in a later novel of his, *Magnus Merriman.* Its publication, with this account of a battle over a French literary matter, did much to strengthen the bonds of the reviving "Auld Alliance" between Scotland and France. As one Parisian savant epigrammatically put it: "*Evidemment cette renaissance écossaise n'est pas si poussiéreuse après tout.*" An English spectator of the scene, however, coolly dismissed it with the remark, "Fancy fighting over a frog poet!"

By the late 1920's the name of Eric Linklater was known in his own country, and to a lesser extent in England, as that of a student poet and a novelist of promise. Shortly after 1930, however, the old boy burst upon the entire English reading world with *Juan in America.* Linklater does not like to hear this novel too much praised, for, as I suspect, he rightly thinks that over-praise of *Juan* sometimes obscures the merits of some of his later and maturer writing. At the risk of incurring his displeasure, however, I cannot resist saying that *Juan* is one of the most Elizabethan works in the English language produced since . . . well, since the reign of James VI. It is large in content and in style, full of gusto and of gust and guts, the book of a young man in his late first youth, rich in preposterous imagination and in preposterous verbal felicity and facility.

Since *Juan* he has written widely and prolifically. One remembers the conversations in *Elysium,* two novels for children, *Private Angelo* and *A Spell for Old Bones.* He has been seduced into a brief affair with films (oh, how I envy him both the affair and its brevity!) and has crossed the stage footlights twice—once not very successfully (*Crisis in Heaven*) and once successfully (*Love in Albania*). I think I am right in saying that in all this output the work that lay closest to his heart, if not to his dome and purse, was the novel *Men of Ness.* This somewhat severe modern Icelandic saga, presented as a novel which came out soon after *Juan,* was a bit of a shock to his lighter admirers; for it does not make easy reading. Linklater, however, wrote it about his own beloved Norse lands simply because he wanted to—and to hell with the public! This bold and perfectly correct gesture almost won him the approval of the highbrows. Almost, but not quite; for just too many ordinary people bought and liked the book to please them. But then, Link will never be popular with the grey-necked geese of Bloomsbury. He is far too versatile and fertile for them; they only really feel at home with the slow droppings of a concentrated and costive art.

There have been Linklaters in Orkney for nearly a millennium; and Link himself appeared on the scene there about half-a-century ago. After the success of *Juan* gave him complete independence, he returned to his own islands with his enchanting wife, Marjorie, whom he stole from under the noses of all of us in Edinburgh in 1933. During their stay in Orkney, which lasted up till three years ago, they succeeded, certainly for their guests, in making the scene Arcadian as well as Orcadian. Now they have moved on to the mainland of Scotland, somewhere in the wilds of Easter Ross. The theory of this painful uprooting was that they should make themselves more accessible. In point of fact, they have become even more remote: despite the broadest of hints, I have never been asked to stay there.

Link can assume a manner as alarming as his appearance at its most granite-like, and many a sincere but perhaps over-expressive admirer of the "Old Man of Hoy," as he is known in the islands, has retired before it, not so much baffled as boggled. Even his most garrulous friends have, at times, been stunned into silence by his own deafening silences. At other times he is as boisterous and as exhilarating as the winds that blow over his own Orkney, and at other times, too, he can be as quietly beneficent in demeanour and deportment as one of our own kindly Scottish autumn days. But he is never as cruel as our springs.

He would be rightly annoyed if I were to call him the G.O.M. of Scottish letters. Nor would I dare to suggest to his face the alternative of "The Grand Middle-Aged Man"—which is, perhaps, a good reason for daring to suggest it in print. Still, that is what he is. He has years of writing behind him and (touching wood), years in front of him; and easily leads the field of all of us writers of books who live in Scotland.

He has a remarkable appearance which distinctly grows on one. Indeed, we are all very fond of it. But should you be coming to the Edinburgh Festival this year, where he has a play on the stocks, you should be prepared for that appearance on our streets and in our places of refreshment. You can't miss it. If you stay long enough it may grow on you too.

Oh, by the way, I nearly forgot to mention it, he is a very kind and likeable man.

★

Who . . . Me?

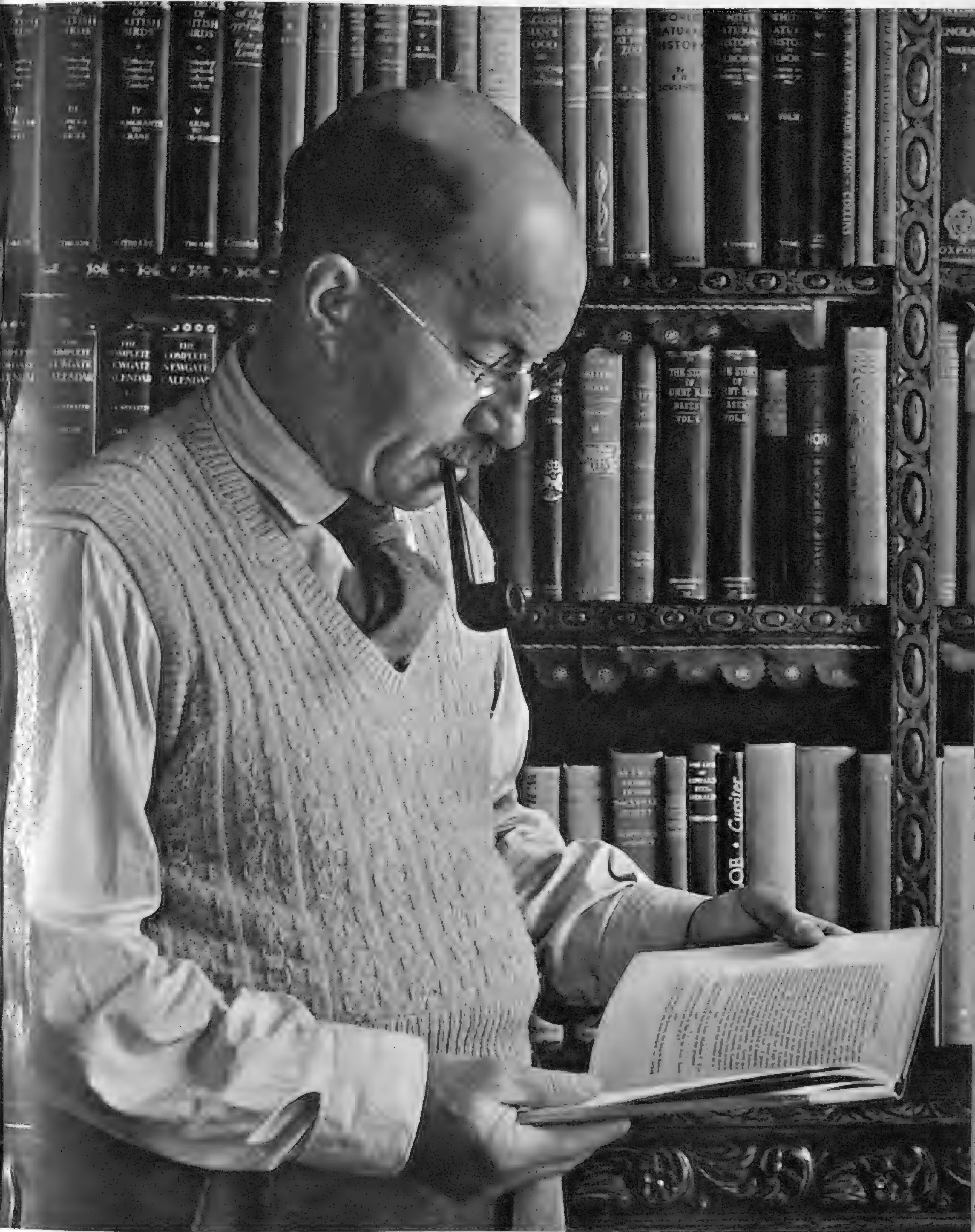
"KIND and likeable" indeed! A paltry attempt, my dear Moray, to unnerve the riposte.

I am not, on the whole, sensitive about my appearance, but immediately after being dazzled by the word-pictures you paint upon my dome, I read in a brand-new novel the assertion that baldness was "obscene." Is this a conspiracy to drive me into the arms of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, and cover my upper slopes with a national wig?

I do not accept your reconstruction of the literary fracas in Edinburgh. They were boisterous days indeed—what awful respectability has descended on us since!—but I cannot think that I assaulted you. No, no. What happened, if I remember rightly, was that you fell off the mantelpiece.

You must certainly come and stay with us in Easter Ross. My wife, having read your reference to her, insists that you are welcome at any time—and I am always glad to hear your fishing-stories. You remember, perhaps, the day you caught a 4-lb. trout? And how sad we all were, for your sake, when we perceived that it had been dead for at least twenty-four hours? Yes, do come and stay with us.

Eric Linklater



SCOTTISH MAN OF LETTERS: ERIC LINKLATER

PONIES' DAY OUT AT ROEHAMPTON

THESE ponies, some as stubborn as mules (see the youngster above), some as frisky as kittens, took part in the 44th Polo and Riding Ponies Show at Roehampton Club on August 1. It was their day, and it looks as if they and their owners had fun. Princess Margaret, Patroness of the National Pony Society, presented trophies, and on the right she holds "The Princess Margaret Trophy" before handing it over to Miss Rene Burry, whose sister's three-year-old iron-grey filly *Grey Mist IV.* was judged best pony in the New Forest breeding classes. Behind them can be seen Miss M. Brodrick, President of the Society. Miss Alison McNaught (top right) holds back a lively young foal, *Clan Music*, from its mother *Dinas Moonstaire*, who together won third prize in their class. Mr. P. Follen (below) takes a firm grip on his wayward entry *Uthar Pendragon* during the judging of foals. The entry at bottom right would appear to have circus aspirations!

DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

JULY 25, 26.

A contrast in weather on the first and second days at Goodwood races. On the first (Stewards' Cup) day macs and umbrellas were well in evidence; on the left are Hon. Peter Ward, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Mrs. Lewis Douglas and daughter Sharman. But next day was one for sun-top dresses. In this picnic party (right) are Miss Diana Christmas, Mrs. J. D. Christmas and Miss Kay Porteous.

GOODWOOD RACES.

JULY 27.

(Left.) Cup day at Goodwood was also sunny. The Begum Aga Khan's dress was shantung, this summer's top fashion note.

(Right.) At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the baby daughter of Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry was christened Eleanor Agnes. (L. to r.) Mr. Cecil Beaton, Hon. Michael Berry, Lady Pamela and baby, Earl of Birkenhead, Hon. Quintin Hogg, Lady John Hope, and (in front) Nicholas and Harriet Berry.

GOODWOOD RACES.

BERRY CHRISTENING.

JULY 28, 29.

The week when the social side of Britain go down to the sea in ships. Alas, none of the majestic J's, but an increasing enthusiasm in the smaller classes. Here we have (left) Mr. and Mrs. Caulcutt on board Danoe II. And (right) Miss Gill George and Mr. Brin Barker watching the proceedings from the shore.

COWES WEEK.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-

AT "THE WOODEN HORSE" PREMIÈRE.

COWDRAY PARK POLO.

JULY 28.

(Left.) Prince George of Denmark took his fiancée, Viscountess Anson, to the première of The Wooden Horse, at the Rialto.

JULY 29.

(Right.) Lady Barnby presented the Cowdray Park Challenge Cup to Lord Cowdray (centre) and Major-Gen. R. Neville of the Sussex team when Sussex beat Middlesex in the high handicap polo final.

BRUCE — COATS WEDDING.

JULY 29.

At the Chapel of St. Lesmo, Glen Tanar, Aboyne, the Hon. James Bruce married the Hon. Jean Coats. He is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Elgin and Kincardine; she is the only daughter of Lord Glentanar. After the ceremony the couple walked a quarter of a mile to the reception at Glen Tanar House, led by piper John Burgess playing "Highland Wedding."

DUNBOYNE — MALLET WEDDING.

DROGO MONTAGU — CALBURN WEDDING.

JULY 29.

(Left.) When Anne Marie, Sir Victor and Lady Mallet's only daughter, married Lord Dunboyne at Wittersham, Kent, the reception was held in the garden of Wittersham House. Picture shows two of the guests, Lady Dufferin and Ava and Mr. C. Corbett.

(Right.) At St. James's, Spanish Place, Lieut. W. G. Drogo Montagu, R.N., married Miss Charlotte Calburn. He is the son of Major Gerard Montagu and of Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, of Kirkoswald, Cumberland; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Calburn, of Cowden, Kent. Reception was at the Ritz.

-BOOK

JULY 31.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, daughter of Lady Elphinstone, the Queen's eldest sister, married Mr. Denys Rhodes, eldest son of the late Major Tahu Rhodes and of the Hon. Mrs. Rhodes. Their Majesties attended; Princess Margaret was chief bridesmaid. (L. to r.) Miss J. Bridgeman, Princess Margaret, the bridegroom, the bride, Mr. T. Rhodes, Miss Diana Bowes Lyon, Miss M. Bridgeman; (in front) Nicholas Bonsor, Jennifer Gibbs, Michael Neville and Susan Wills.

RHODES — ELPHINSTONE WEDDING.

AUGUST 1.

(Left.) Mr. Kenneth de Courcy, editor of Intelligence Digest, married Miss Rosemary Baker, of Co. Cork, in the private chapel of his country house, Alderbourne Manor, Bucks. Among the many guests was Archduke Otto of Austria and the Ambassadors of Brazil, Greece, Iran, and Turkey. Bridegroom is left in picture; on the right is the Dean of Windsor, who conducted the service.

(Right.) At the Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon: (L. to r.) Mrs. A. S. Boyall, Lady and Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, and Lieut. A. S. Boyall, R.N., who, with Lieut. Threlfall in the Doubles, defeated their opponents in both the R.A.F. and Army teams.

DE COURCY — BAKER WEDDING.

INTER-SERVICES CHAMPIONSHIPS.

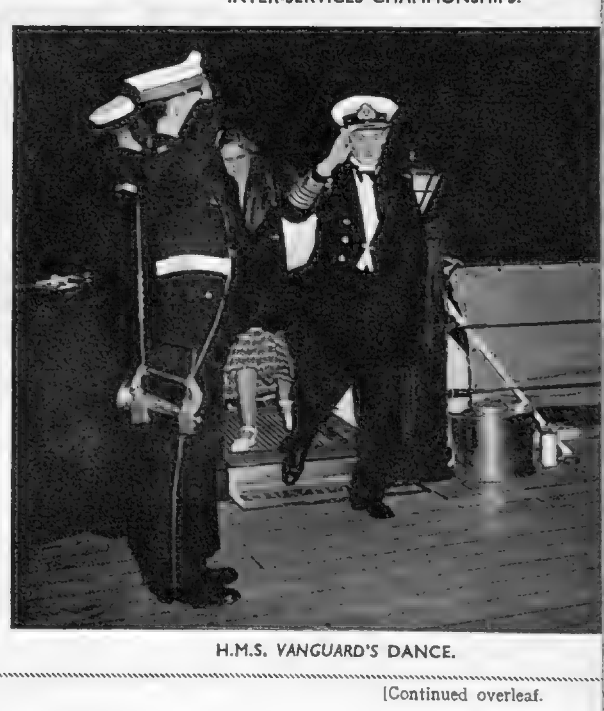
AUGUST 2.

(Left.) More than 300 people attended Lady Baring's annual charity ball at Northwood House, Cowes. Picture shows (l. to r.) Lady Hobart, Lord Carrington, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and Lt.-Cdr. Sir Robert Hobart.

AUGUST 3.

(Right.) In keeping with the Cowes Week Convention, the Guardship, H.M.S. Vanguard, gave a dance to which her Admiral, Rear-Admiral E. M. Evans Lombe, her Captain, Captain G. V. Gladstone, and her officers invited many guests from the yachting fraternity. Here is Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, C.-in-C. Portsmouth, coming aboard.

LADY BARING'S CHARITY BALL.



H.M.S. *VANGUARD'S* DANCE.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-BOOK
(Abroad)

SOUTH AFRICAN WEDDING

JULY 22.

Cape Town. *In St. George's Cathedral, the widow of Lord David Douglas Hamilton married Alfred Albers, well-known surgeon of Newlands Cape, South Africa. The bride was formerly Prunella Stack, founder of the Women's League of Health and Beauty. Here they are driving away after the wedding.*

THE BELLMAN FESTIVAL IN STOCKHOLM.

JULY 26.

Stockholm. *At the g[illegible] annual festival in memory of famous Swedish poet Carl Bellman, Einar Beyron and Tatjana Angelini (left) took the parts this year of the poet and his beloved. Actress Signe Hasso (right) was there too. We'll be seeing her here in Rosmersholm at the St. Martin's Theatre on August 22.*

HOLIDAYING AT MONTE CARLO.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN DUBLIN.

JULY 27.

Monte Carlo. *(Left.) Just received snapshots of British Walker Cup player and ex-English Golf Champion Harry Bentley seen at Lavotte swimming pool ; he also won the Monaco Golf Championships in 1948 and 1949.*

Dublin. *(Right.) Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, first British Ambassador to the Republic of Ireland, inspected a guard of honour of Irish troops when he arrived at the Presidential residence in Dublin to present his credentials to President S. T. O'Kelly.*

Photographed by Baron.

AT BARNWELL MANOR

A RECENT picture taken in the gardens of Barnwell Manor, Northants, of the Duchess of Gloucester with her two sons, Prince Richard (left), whose sixth birthday is on August 26, and eight-year-old Prince William. In the Manor grounds of 2700 acres lie the ruins of Barnwell Castle, a fortress built by Berenger le Moyne in 1264, which became forfeit to the Abbot of Ramsey and, after the dissolution of the religious houses, was acquired by Sir Edward Montague, who built the Tudor house now occupied by the Gloucesters. The property passed in 1845 to the Buccleuch estate, and descended to the Duchess of Gloucester's father, the late Duke of Buccleuch, who sold it in the early part of this century. Then known as Barnwell Castle, it returned to the family in 1938 when, coming into the market, it was bought by the Duke of Gloucester as a country home for himself and the Duchess, and was renamed Barnwell Manor.

Old Stagers

GOLDEN CITY (Adelphi).
An admirable musical play of the South African Gold Rush in the 'eighties.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

ACE OF CLUBS (Cambridge).
Minor Coward—but with the Juvenile Delinquents.

TRAVELLER'S JOY (Criterion).
Yvonne Arnaud continues to gurgle through a Swedish holiday that has now lasted for more than two years.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry, and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
Mr. Eliot's homily in verse, which is the talking-point of the summer season.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

TOUCH AND GO (Prince of Wales's).
A flashing Anglo-American revue with the virtue of brevity.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Princes).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

CASTLE IN THE AIR (Savoy).
Alan Melville has Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne to shoot the pointed arrows of an ingenious light comedy.

OKLAHOMA ! (Stoll).
After three years it is still a Beautiful Mornin' in one of the most famous musical plays of our time.

GASLIGHT (Vaudeville).
Patrick Hamilton's psychological thriller under the wavering gas-light of Victorian Pimlico keeps its old tingle of excitement.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace).
If you like the Crazy Gang, here it is—in full craziness.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

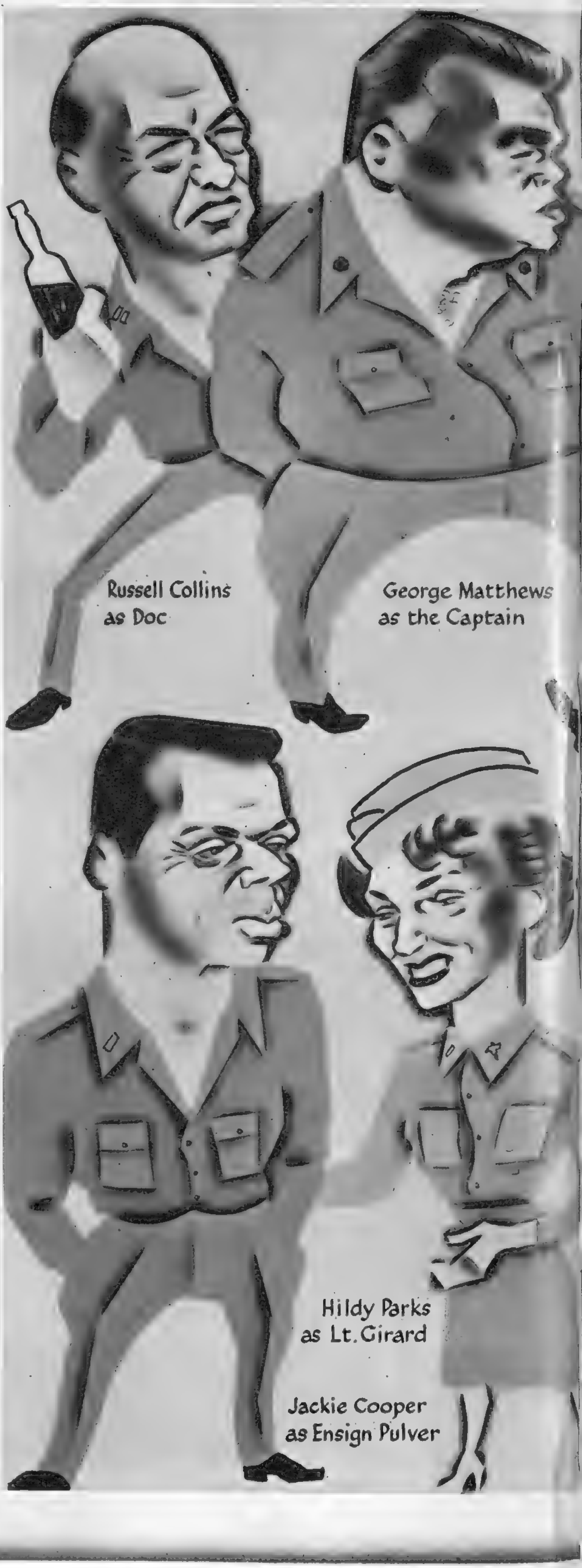
"MISTER ROBERTS"

(*Coliseum*)

A PROGRAMME note explains that in the U.S. Navy "all officers below the rank of Commander are addressed as 'Mister.'" Mister Roberts is cargo officer on a "bucket" called *AK* 603, which during the summer of 1945 is in the Pacific Ocean, over 3000 miles from the combat area. The man has one idea in life: to get away from the cargo ship which has a superb record in the delivery of toilet articles to Pacific garrisons, and to find a post nearer to the war. His captain has other ideas: to preserve the record of *AK* 603 (for which a grateful Admiral has awarded to him a spindly-looking palm), and to keep Mister Roberts on board. We know, upon Shakespearean authority, that there are land-rats and water-rats: I hesitate to call the captain a water-rat, as it might hurt the feelings of a relatively charming member of society. He and P.O. Herbert, of *Seagulls Over Sorrento* (a better play), could have a few snug chats: I pity the unfortunate crew of *AK* 603 if these two men should combine forces.

In any event, the members of the crew are not having a jolly time. Until Mister Roberts intervenes they have had no shore leave for months: they would not have it now if Roberts and the Captain had not made an agreement which helps to keep the play going at a time when the works have begun to run down. There is indeed very little plot in the piece—a version by Joshua Logan (who also produces) and Thomas Heggen of Mr. Heggen's novel. As a play it is both defiantly tough and curiously ingenuous in the American fashion. Much of its humour is crude, though—remembering the methods of certain admired home-bred revue and vaudeville comedians—I do not think we can protest too fiercely. This apart, *Mister Roberts* is an anecdote, honest theatrical stuff that, thanks largely to its acting and production, offers a good evening at the play. Mr. Logan groups his seamen effectively over Jo Mielziner's vast set of *AK* 603, and he enjoys perching people in the unlikeliest places.

All the actors have to do is to speak with forthright clarity. Tyrone Power, as Mister Roberts, is good at this; so, too, are Russell Collins as the amiable Doctor, and George Matthews as the Captain, whose special pleading in his defence would hardly persuade his best friend (if any). Jackie Cooper, an "ensign" mentally in the American equivalent of the Upper Fourth, is as agreeable as anyone: he times his lines to a fraction of a hair. Our salute also to Hildy Parks. There is a cast of fifty-three: fifty-two are men.



Russell Collins as Doc

George Matthews as the Captain

Hildy Parks as Lt. Girard

Jackie Cooper as Ensign Pulver

. . with J. C. TREWIN

"KING LEAR"

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

A WEEK after the Stratford revival of *Lear*, I found myself remembering the Cordelia first of all. That is unexpected, for a Cordelia is often as insipid as a badly-made junket. We are inclined to think of her merely as a device for beginning the plot. Peggy Ashcroft has now put Cordelia back to her right place: she has never moved me more than in this expression of clear, unblurred goodness. She might so easily have been smug. As it is, Cordelia shines across her few scenes with an unexampled radiance, and for once, when Lear entered at the last with the body in his arms, the audience was mourning for Cordelia as well as grieving for Lear.

This is not to under-value John Gielgud's work in that scene. Gielgud does at length reach the crest in all that Lear does from the meeting with the blinded Gloucester. Before this, though his performance is intellectually commanding, it has no quality of pathos. We admire an actor, but we remain unmoved by a Lear. This is his third study of the part: we can expect confidently that one day he will be among the great Lears of our period. There is time enough. Apart from Lear and Cordelia, the most masterful work in the revival is that of the sisters Regan (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) and Goneril (Maxine Audley), one with a languid, purring deadliness, the other icily malignant. Nigel Green has the right idea of Edmund, and Alan Badel loses nothing in his wry, scuttering Fool. Neither the Kent nor the Gloucester is as yet specially impressive.

★

"ALWAYS AFTERNOON"

(Garrick)

I WOULD have enjoyed this play more if I could have believed in anything that anyone said or did. It reminded me of the type of magazine story that begins with a full double-page spread and ends wrapped up in the advertisements: very competent work, no doubt, but wholly artificial. Dido Milroy has based it on a story by Shelagh Fraser. Its leading personage, acted by Margaret Johnston most skilfully indeed (and with a minimum of fuss), is a woman who cannot grow up, a Girl Who Couldn't Quite. She has the society of an elderly husband and a French lover, and presently, for good measure, an amorous English professor as well. There is ability in design and dialogue; but the piece, in its French coastal village setting, is too palpably contrived: I had to depend upon the performances, and especially upon those of Miss Johnston and (as her husband) Ernest Thesiger, gaunt and tetchy, with a white rabbit in his arms.

Next Stage

OUR next Hamlet—unless there is some intervening excitement—will be Alec Guinness. As a part of the theatre's contribution to the Festival of Britain next year, Henry Sherek is presenting Guinness as Hamlet in the West End. Here is news for all Old Victorians, many of whom recall the young actor as Osric in Olivier's 1937 *Hamlet*, and also, in 1938, as the Prince himself in the modern dress revival by Tyrone Guthrie. (I remember the umbrellas in the rain at Ophelia's funeral.) Guinness, even then, was a finely sensitive actor; next year's performance should be something for the records.

MORE JAMES.

The Henry James fashion in the West End theatre will continue when London at last sees *The Innocents*, William Archibald's version of *The Turn of the Screw*. We are unlikely to have this for a little while, as Peter Glenville, who is producing, cannot get the artists he wants until later in the year. Ultimately Tennents will present the play in London. Glenville's direction in New York won him two awards for the best-produced play of 1949.

TOURING CAR.

The provinces are now to have *A Streetcar Named Desire*. On August 21 it opens a long tour at the Leeds Grand, with Betty-Ann Davies in the Vivien Leigh part, which she has been playing at the Aldwych; Frances Hyland as the young wife; and William Sylvester, who was the witch-boy in Peter Brook's production of *Dark of the Moon*, as the husband, done in London by Bonar Colleano.

IN THE ABBEY.

Robert Kemp's chronicle play, *The Saxon Saint*, went so well in Dunfermline Abbey last year that I am not surprised to find it is appearing again. The Carnegie Dunfermline Trust presents it in association with the Edinburgh Festival, though it is not "an integral part" of the Festival programme. There is an uncommonly good cast, including Barbara Couper as Queen Margaret, Ernest Thesiger as the Chronicler, and Joseph O'Conor as Malcolm, King of Scotland.

GETTING AROUND.

Queen Elizabeth Slept Here ends a run of 357 performances at the Strand on September 2. . . . Nancy Mitford's comedy, from the French, which was called *Island Fling*, has now been renamed *The Little Hut*, a literal translation of the French title. . . . Louis D'Alton's Irish comedy, *They Got What They Wanted*, comes down to-day (August 16) from the Embassy to the Phoenix. . . . On August 21 *The Merchant of Venice* will be revived for the last fortnight of the Open Air season in Regent's Park.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

SUCH DARLING DODOS. By Angus Wilson. (*Secker and Warburg ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE END IS KNOWN. By Geoffrey Holiday Hall. (*Heinemann ; 8s. 6d.*)

THE FLOWERING CROSS. By Francis Stuart. (*Gollancz ; 9s.*)

FOUR LOST LADIES. By Stuart Palmer. (*Collins: The Crime Club ; 8s. 6d.*)

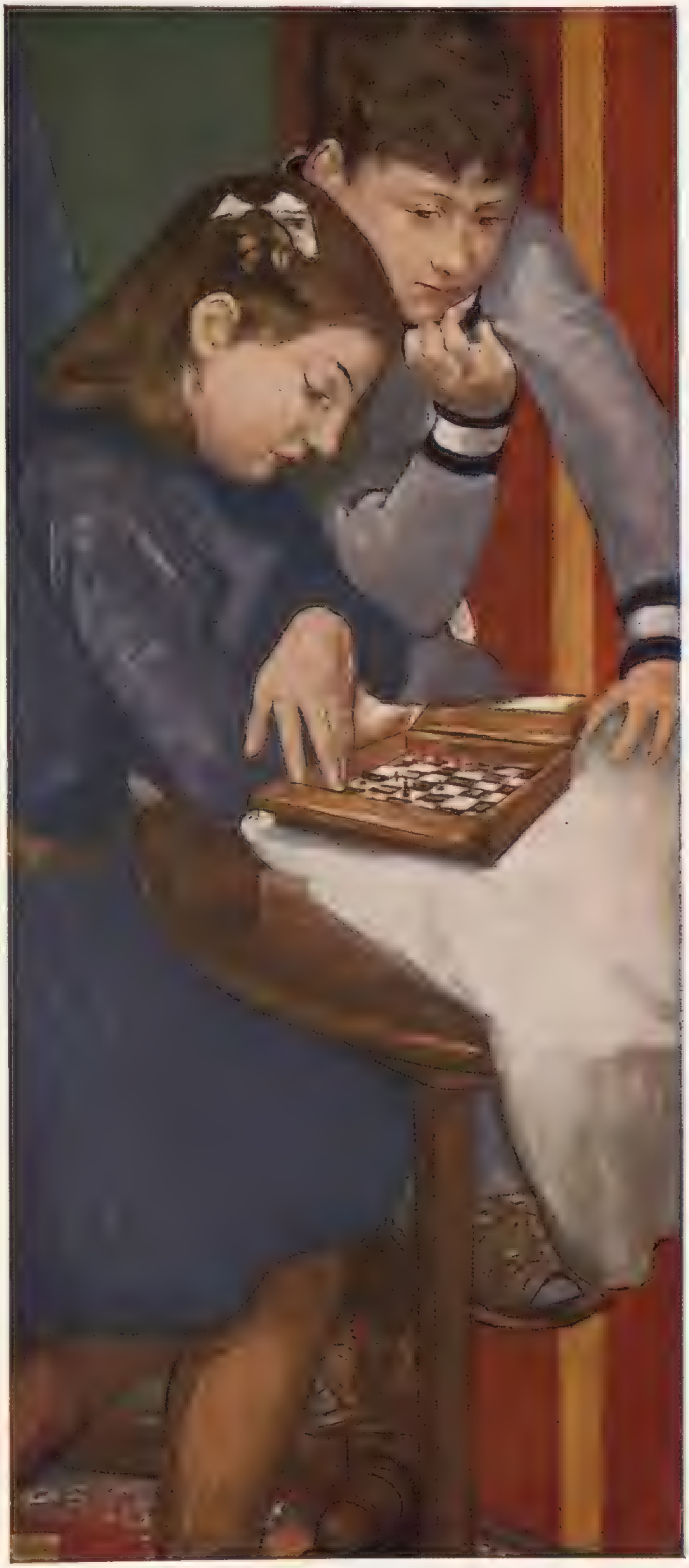
JUST a year ago Mr. Angus Wilson published his first collection of short stories, *The Wrong Set*. Now he follows it with *Such Darling Dodos*, another string of stories which, say the publishers, "can confidently be recommended to all who enjoyed the earlier book, and they are likely to enlarge the circle of Mr. Wilson's admirers." I agree with the first claim, but not the second. The same brilliance is here, the same hostile, almost spiteful satire, the same sudden pity and the same twisted little smiles. It is enough for me, and I enjoyed this collection as much as the first, but I doubt whether many readers will be so easily satisfied. They will begin to wonder why a writer of Mr. Wilson's ability should limit his scope to these poisonously clever little studies in frustration and pretension. In a world of seedy academicians, of popular encyclopædists, of "the whimsical humour of North Oxford," of dons' eccentric wives, it is not difficult for an author to find his subjects, which too often become his victims. Each is sharply portrayed and the title-piece is a clever contrasting of the generations, while there are touches of the macabre and ghoulish in stories like "Mummy to the Rescue," "Totentanz" and "A Little Companion." I would not have missed the book for worlds, but I would like to see something more ambitious from this most talented author.

WISHFUL MOTORING.
A run down to the coast on a warm Sunday evening.

A BOOK which is more than its publishers claim for it is a rarity indeed. There is nothing in the appearance of *The End is Known* to suggest that it is anything but another "whodunnit," and, what's more, done it by shoving yet another victim from yet another skyscraper window. It opens with that very situation, but Bayard Paulton, a wealthy business man whose sole connection with the matter is that his apartment was used for the take-off, begins to inquire into the past life of the dead man, rather than into the circumstances of his death. We meet a number of people who had known him more or less intimately, and from their recollections a portrait of the man is created which is convincing and real. I found the story of Roy Kearney, the dead man, which is traced through boyhood and the Army, an unexpectedly touching one, and although I think that Mr. Hall adds one too many layers of melodrama to give a second twist to the tail of his novel, and although he exaggerates the characteristics of the less important people in his book to give them distinction in the reader's mind, I recommend this novel very heartily. The title is a misrepresentation. The end is not known and by me was not even guessed.

MR. FRANCIS STUART is a novelist whose reputation is surviving some pretty fulsome praise from critics, and he has now followed his successful *Pillar of Cloud* and *Redemption* with an over-written and humourless novel called *The Flowering Cross*. It represents a new attempt to apply the Russian technique of intense and passionate concentration on exterior details to produce an illusion of profundity. From such repetitive description as "the cold was a deathly coldness. The few objects that lay about the cell were all icy to the touch with a peculiar frozen deathliness, chill and numb, eclipsed beyond the glow of life. The cold seemed to come not from the scarcely visible sky and the wintry earth, but up from the grave," we learn nothing at all of character or event, and the book is full of these elaborations. Like a Russian novel, too, it seems to have a peculiar smell, not of Dostoievsky's cabbage soup and soapless humanity, but of stale and airless bed-sitting-rooms off the Tottenham Court Road, a smell which goes with soiled beards and corduroys. There is power and strong feeling in Mr. Stuart's writing, but I find myself uncomfortable as I read it, a trifle embarrassed, and otherwise unmoved.

LASTLY, a straight detective story, and a very good one. Addicts will know Hildegarde Withers, the ex-schoolmarm who takes an inquisitive interest in crime, and her friend Inspector Piper of the homicide squad, who is frequently in trouble through her apparently amateurish interferences. When Miss Withers begins to ask how many lonely, middle-aged, unattached women disappear in New York every year, Inspector Piper replies "Not enough," puts a bread-stick in his mouth, and chews it "as if it had been one of his favourite panatellas." But Hildegarde, not to be put off, begins to check up on a number of such disappearances and finds herself associating with an attractive young woman called Jeeps Davidson. They go through danger and deduction together, prod a number of red herrings, find a talkative and helpful bell-hop called Tad Belanger, and with every chapter ornamented with an extract from a dictionary of quotations, they finally reach their solution and arrest. It all goes forward as it should without hesitation or a single yawn, but I cannot help wishing that Mr. Palmer would keep his Hildegarde from quite such fussiness and outward inefficiency. We do not lose faith in her—who can ever doubt a novelist's detective? But we do sometimes wonder at other people's respect for her. It would all be so much easier to believe if now and again we were reminded that underneath it all she is really uncannily competent.



By Mary Sargant-Florence.

CHILDREN AT CHESS

On view at the Royal Academy, this picture is the work of their oldest exhibitor, now ninety-three years of age. It was painted forty years ago, with her son and daughter for models; and has been purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

" WHERE'S

H. H. Harris.

S GLORIA?"

Michael Ffolkes.

"You know how it is. Grandfather wanted a portrait, grandmother loved horses, and the artist specialised in allegorical scenes."

Photographed by Baron.

"ILLUMINATIONS" AT COVENT GARDEN

THE New York City Ballet conclude their highly successful season at Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Saturday, having already extended it by an extra week. During this final week the repertoire includes Frederick Ashton's much-discussed "Illuminations," danced by Melissa Hayden and Nicholas Magallanes. Note the one shoe and one bare foot—probably the only ballet in which this occurs. Melissa Hayden, a young Toronto dancer who turned a hobby into a profession, studied four years with the Volkoff Ballet, spent three with Ballet Theatre, and then, last autumn, was invited by George Balanchine to join the New York City Ballet. Nicholas Magallanes, after only a year of study, went straight from the class-room to the Catherine Littlefield Ballet as soloist; has also previously appeared in musical shows.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

BRIAN CLOSE, for being Britain's "Wonder Boy" of cricket.

AT nineteen, Signalman Brian Close will be the youngest cricketer ever to go with an England Test Team to Australia. Last season he became the youngest-ever England Test player (against New Zealand); the youngest Yorkshireman to get his county cap (and that after he was capped for England); the youngest player to complete 1000 runs and 100 wickets.

WILLIAM OSBORNE, for travelling "seven times round the world" to deliver letters in Cornwall.

HERE delivering one of his last letters to an isolated cottager is William Osborne, postmaster of Newmill and Ding Dong, Cornwall. He reckons he has travelled 180,000 miles (seven times round the world) during his sixty-three years' service in the wildest and roughest country in West Cornwall.

BEN JOHNSON OF FOWEY, for out-crying the cream of England's town criers.

FOR the second time in succession Mr. Ben Johnson won the National Town Criers' Championship held recently at the little Cornish town of Fowey, where he lives. Seen above in action, he clutches the cup he won in 1939 and again in 1949.

MALCOLM GRAVES, for summing up the Football Export Market.

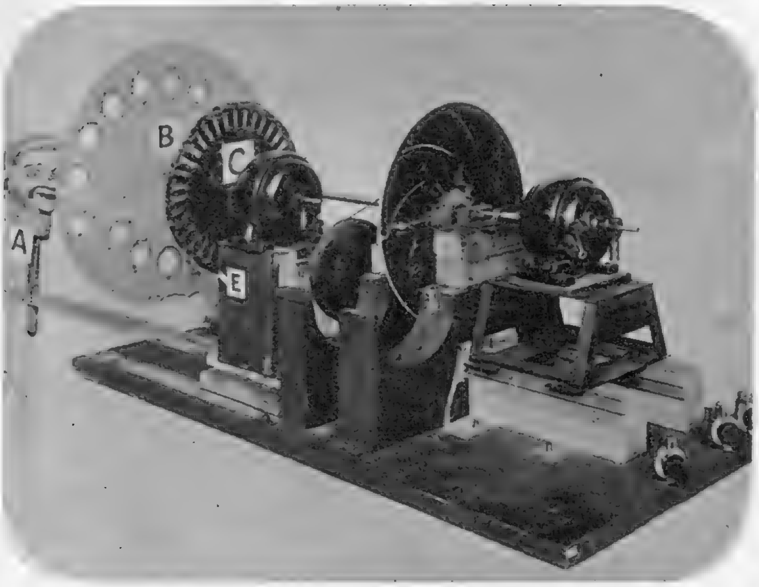
THE sporty young man with the bright idea is three-year-old Malcolm Graves of Harrow. His "boomerang"-footballer-just-back-from-Bogota costume won him first prize at the Fancy Dress Parade at Rustington Lido, Sussex.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

ROBERT ATKINS, C.B.E.

for commencing his eighteenth consecutive season as Director of the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park (another We Never Closed theatre !). In the present production of *The Merchant of Venice*, he is an impressive Shylock.



Crown Copyright.

The original Baird television apparatus now on show at the Science Museum, South Kensington. Embodying a primitive process later superseded by the cathode-ray tube, it nevertheless pointed the way to universal television.

The West Indies faced the Fourth Test Match last Saturday at the Oval in the comfortable position of having won two of three matches. The O.B. cameras and commentators (here seen operating at an earlier Test Match) were on the spot.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Eric Robinson: For his patient and painstaking work on the musical side of television, as conductor of the studio orchestra. He has all types of music to cope with, from be-bop to the classics. He tackles them all with conscientious efficiency.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

WHILE idly browsing through the South Kensington Science Museum the other day, we were suddenly reminded of our promise (or threat, if you like) to devote an article to the early experiments in television by the late John Logie Baird. For there we found the odd-looking machine you see on the left. Believe it or not, that thing is a television transmitter. Of course, it resembles the modern transmitting equipment about as much as it does the Man in the Moon, but with it Baird achieved some of his first practical results. With a similar apparatus—only slightly modified—he gave a successful demonstration to forty members of the Royal Institution on January 27, 1926.

Before attempting to describe it in detail, we must point out the fundamental difference between the broadcasting of sound and vision. Sound presents little difficulty, because the microphone is a pretty fair imitation of the human ear. Its diaphragm—just as the ear's—is capable of receiving the overall impression of a sound. With the eye it is different. The retina is composed of a myriad of tiny light-sensitive elements, each of which takes charge of a minute fraction of the picture in front of one, and conveys its impression to the brain, where the whole lot are sorted out and reassembled into an impression of what we "see." While it is possible to reproduce such an optical system, it is completely impracticable from a broadcasting point of view. So a system of "scanning" a picture had to be evolved.

Used in this sense, our dictionary tells us that "scanning" means "looking intently at all parts successively," and, while reading a page of print, the eye does exactly the same thing. It travels from left to right, then back to the next line, and so on, until an impression of the entire page has been conveyed. In television, the picture is built up in fundamentally the same way—though infinitely more quickly, of course. To get a steady picture, it has to be scanned at least sixteen times a second. In modern practice, the scanning rate is twenty-five times a second.

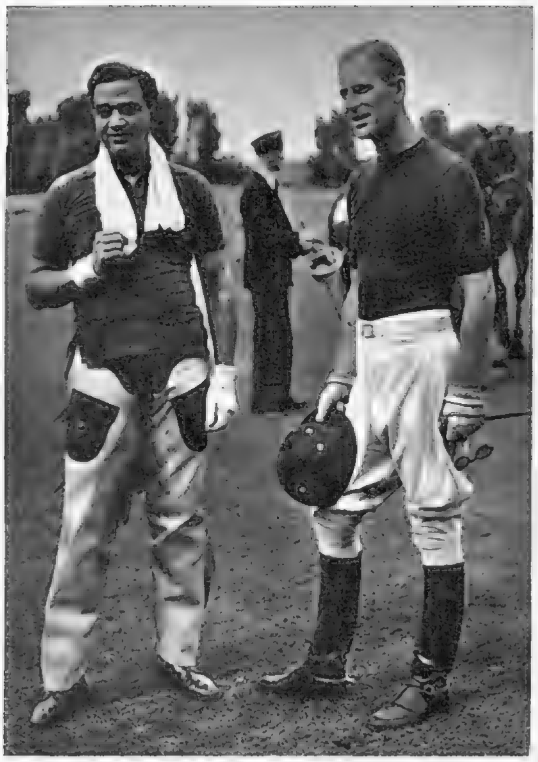
We can now return to Baird's transmitter. "A"—a somewhat unflattering concept of what the average television actor looks like—is the original ventriloquist's dummy's head, used by Baird in his first experiments. A blinding light was thrown on it and, as in photography, reflected through the series of lenses in the disc "B." These lenses are placed in the shape of a spiral and, as no two of them are in the same place, the revolution of the disc causes them, in turn, to pass light from different parts of the image. The picture is automatically scanned, in fact. Now the beams reach the rapidly revolving discs, "C," which interrupt the light, rather in the manner of the shutter of a cinematograph projector. "E" is a selenium photo-electric cell, which generates an electric impulse when light reaches it. Here, owing to the action of the three discs, light reaches it in a series of flashes, each flash representing a small square of the image. Being reflected beams, these light-flashes will be bright when scanning the highlights of the picture and dull when dealing with the shadows. The selenium cell's output of impulses varies accordingly, and can now be broadcast as waves of varying amplitude. These, at the receiving end, are made to vary the brightness of an electric lamp and, having passed a similar scanning system as the transmitter's, a series of light-spots reach a ground-glass screen. They pass over the screen so rapidly that owing to the "persistence of vision" the picture seems instantaneous.

Alas! Though Baird worked himself to death in an effort to perfect this system, it was always subject to one great defect. It depended on the exact synchronisation of the scanners at the transmitting and receiving ends, without which the picture became hideously distorted.

Then the cathode-ray tube was born. It can scan a picture, electronically, at a fabulous speed—and there are no moving parts to go wrong. Baird's dream was shattered, but at least that great-hearted man had shown the way.

Above, left: The grand thriller *Dark Tribute*, especially written for television by Robert Strevens, is an ingenious affair. Arthur Goullet (right) gave a superb performance as the weasel-like little Mr. Tomkins, who cunningly avenges his daughter's murder. Eileen Beldon (left) played his wife, here impersonating a flower-seller. *Above, right:* The new light entertainment programme *Innocents Abroad* is produced by Richard Afton. The first in the series was set in Spain, where Pat Owens donned a mantilla and Monsewer Eddie Gray a "come hither" look.

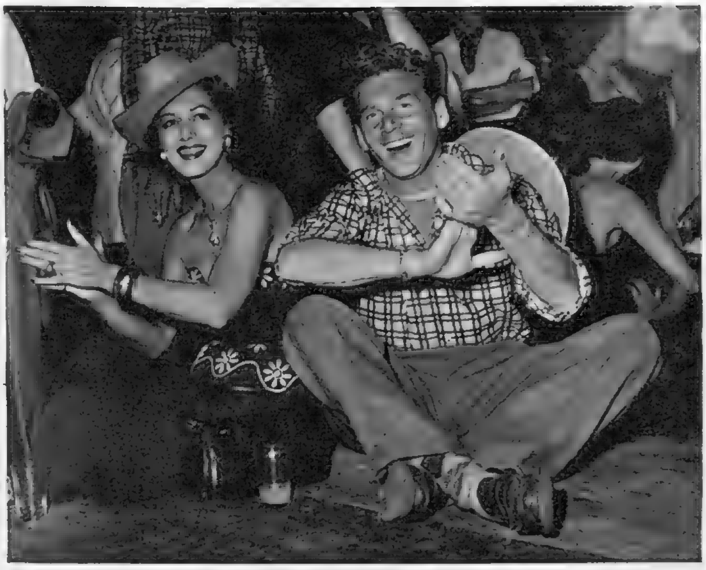
Below : Mr. Gillie, James Bridie's theatrical frolic, proved a fair success on the stage but a bore on the TV screen, owing, perhaps, to the verbosity of Mr. Bridie and the lack of action. Alastair Sim (centre) headed the original stage cast as Mr. Gillie, the schoolmaster who 'devoted his life to opening cages and letting prisoners fly free'; with George Cole (left) and Megs Jenkins (right).



OFF AND ON

THE three holiday subjects on this page are divided between moments of relaxation (left) and concentration (right). *At the top:* H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, at Cowdray Park, talks to the Maharajah of Jaipur; then jumps into the saddle to play No. 1 for the Bluebottles. . . . *Below:* The Gentlemen of Bexley of other years relax before continuing their charity match against the Gentlemen of the Round Table for a barrel of ale. . . . *At foot of page:* Brand's Hatch Races—Sheila Brandon makes good use of the driving mirror on her husband's 500-cc. Cooper-Norton; and W. J. Whitehouse makes use of the grass verge in *his* Cooper-Norton.

A sight not often seen—a collection of designers. Leading the dance is host Jacques Fath and his wife, next is Jean Desses, and last, Pierre Balmain.



The couple so obviously enjoying themselves are actress Maria Montez and her actor husband, Jean Pierre Aumont.

PARIS PARTY

Designed by Jacques Fath

TO celebrate the presentation of his autumn collection, famous French couturier Jacques Fath threw a hill-billy party at his 400-year-old château at Corbeville, near Paris. The guests, 300 of them, including many of Fath's competitors and buyers, were asked to come in cowboy and cowgirl costumes. American square-dances were performed by those who knew how—the rest sat on the floor and applauded.

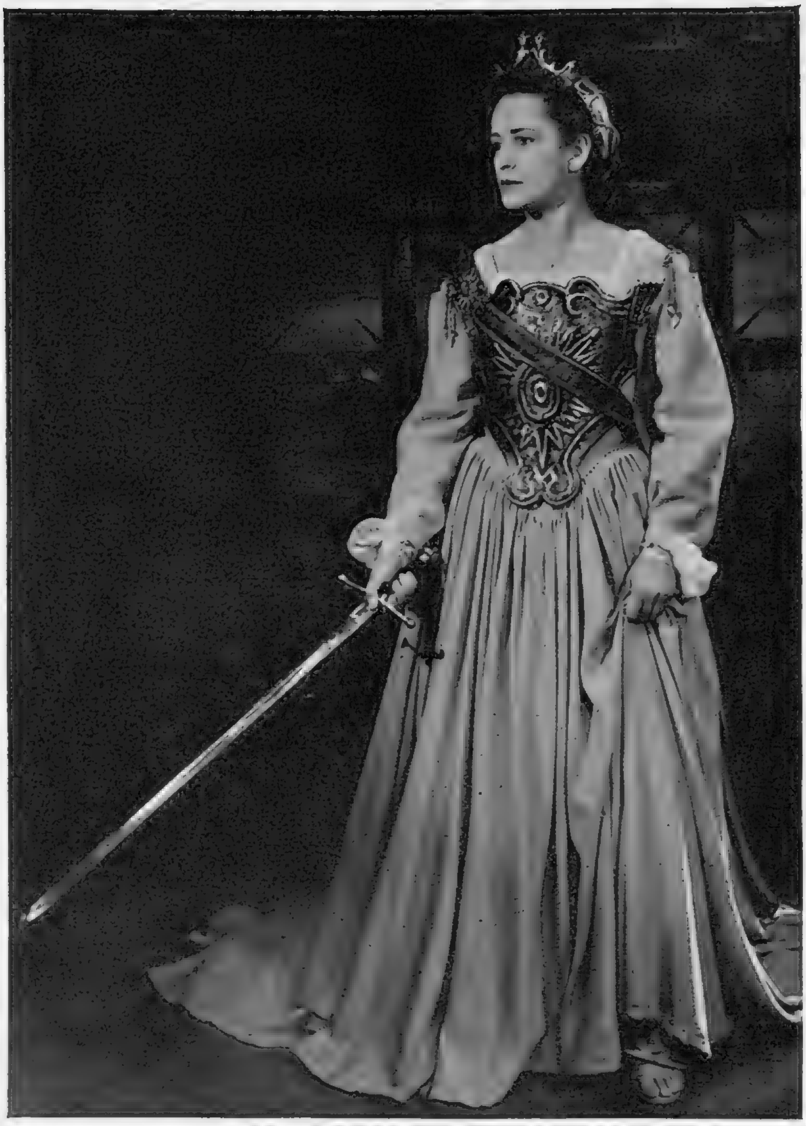
Colourfully clad guests (above) sit on the floor and encourage the square-dancers seen in the picture below.

RUNNING FREE

Three yachts running before the wind with spinnakers set pass H.M.S. *Vanguard* while she filled the rôle of Guardship at Cowes this year.

RADIO.—Lionel Gamlin: For entertaining children on holiday with "Hullo, There!" on six days of the week; and for his Thursday Jamboree about Scouting.

Frederick Laws



STAGE.—Peggy Ashcroft: For the extraordinary radiance of her Cordelia in the Stratford-upon-Avon *King Lear.*

J. C. Trewin

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

LITERATURE.—Angus Wilson: For making his second collection of short stories, *Such Darling Dodos,* as good as his first.

SCREEN.—Richard Burton: A fine actor with a photogenic face, who is badly miscast in *Waterfront* but is going to be a springer in the market one day. Don't ever underrate him.

C A Lejeune

"THE WOODEN HORSE," taken from Eric Williams' exciting P.O.W. escape story, also makes an exciting and entirely credible film. (L. to r.) Leo Genn, David Tomlinson and Anthony Steel play the three escapees.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"SYLVIA AND THE GHOST."—Jacques Tati (of Jour de Fête) and the enchanting little actress Odette Joyeux in a creamy, foamy wisp of a fantasy: about a very young girl with a *schwärmerei* for a family ghost, who falls really in love, at her first ball, with one of the ghost's impersonators.

"THE FURIES."—Barbara Stanwyck and Walter Huston make no bones about exposing the uglier side of a father-daughter conflict for the possession of a New Mexican ranch. A bold, crude picture, shot with a surprisingly sensitive camera.

"WATERFRONT."—Robert Newton, Richard Burton, Kenneth Griffith, Kathleen Harrison and selected Young Ladies of the Cinema, in a melodrama of low life in the Mersey docks seen from a London viewpoint. As a Mancunian, I oughtn't to resent this false impression of Liverpool, but as a Lancastrian, I do.

"THE DAMNED DON'T CRY."—Joan Crawford, as "the Private Lady of a Public Enemy," violently liquidates herself and her three lovers (all cads) who are mixed up in the gambling game; but not nearly soon enough.

"GUN CRAZY."—Little pink-and-gold Peggy Cummins screws herself up (with her eyes shut, you feel) to be a sharpshooter in a bandit picture. Oh dear, oh dear!

"PANIC IN THE STREETS" is something new in murder-hunt thrillers, brilliantly directed by Elia Kazan, and well acted by Richard Widmark (left) and Paul Douglas (centre).

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS by C. A. LEJEUNE

"THE WOODEN HORSE"

THE WOODEN HORSE, as everybody who has read Eric Williams' exciting novel knows, is the story of a trick that came off for the second time. The first time it came off was in ancient Troy; the second time in Stalag Luft III., a German prison camp for British flying officers in the last war. Both times it came off because an astute mind calculated to a nicety the psychology of the enemy. The Greeks calculated that by hiding men in a wooden horse they could get inside the armed walls of Troy. The British calculated that by hiding men in a wooden horse they could get outside the German's barbed wire. The one party reckoned on the credulity of the Trojans: the other on the current German belief that all Englishmen are mad. Both were justified.

The Wooden Horse film sets out to show, without any unnecessary frills and distractions, how a couple of browned-off officers, later bringing in a third, managed to escape from Stalag Luft III. After various camp attempts to dig a communal tunnel have failed, they hit on a fresh idea. A special vaulting-horse is built, and carried day after day to the same spot in the exercise ground. A couple of men, hidden in the belly of the horse, painfully scoop out a tunnel underneath, while the rest of the P.O.W.'s leap over the top. The German guards, very properly represented as soldiers on duty, and not as incredible monsters or figures of fun, are not surprised to find the English employing so many hours a day in the practice of sport. They are convincingly fooled, just long enough for the three officers to escape. They crawl out of the shaky tunnel into the thin German pinewoods, and make their way to Lübeck, to Copenhagen, to Sweden, to freedom.

In all the scenes that appertain to the camp, the tunnel, and the horse itself, *The Wooden Horse* rings true as a gold sovereign, and is wonderfully exciting. Leo Genn, Anthony Steel and David Tomlinson, as the men who escape, do exactly what is needed of them, and the rest of the cast for once justify the word "supporting." It is only when the camp is left behind, the immediate pressure released, that the details of escape tend to become a little trivial at times, momentarily strained after humour or compromise. There is nothing much wrong here; but there is also nothing much, full stop. When the heroic wooden horse is carried away by the German guards, to the sound of ribald British cheers, the spell is broken and the tension drops. *That* should have been the end of the picture.

★

"PANIC IN THE STREETS"

"IT'S getting pretty rugged" somebody observes after half-an-hour or so of *Panic in the Streets.* This is a mild way of describing a film which combines one of Hollywood's most vigorous man-hunts with an urgent theme and a powerful suggestion of documentary exactitude.

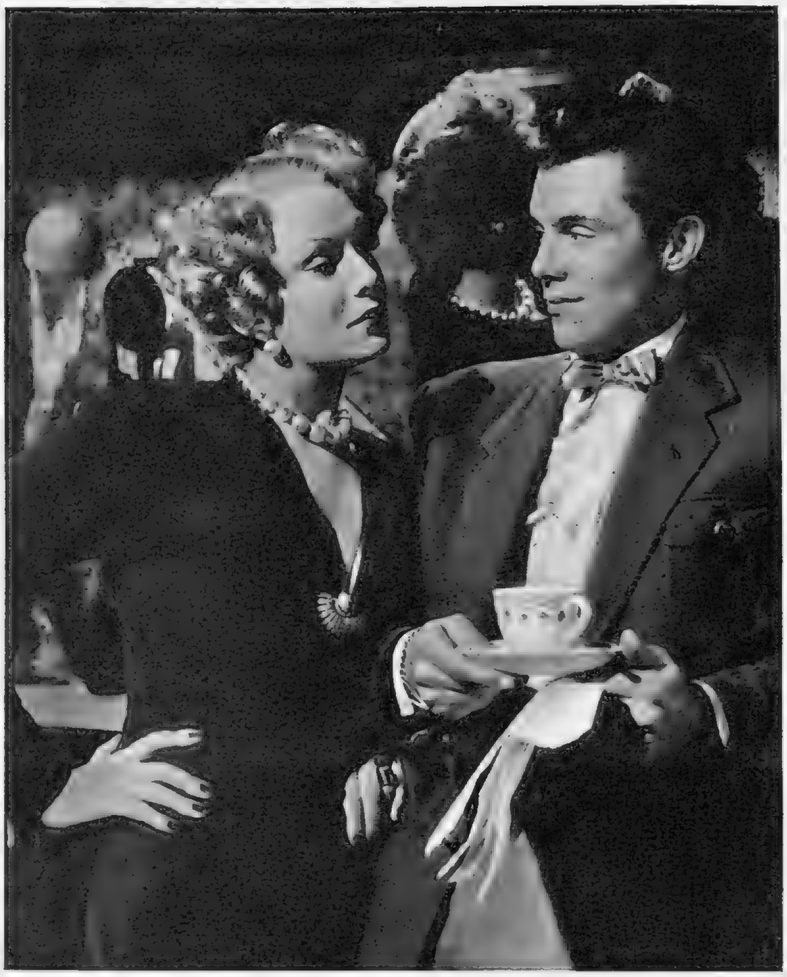
The scene is the waterfront of New Orleans, and the story something new in thrillers. Richard Widmark, an earnest young doctor in the service of the Public Health Department, is called on to examine the body of an unknown man, which has been fished out of the sea, riddled with bullets. The doctor finds that the man, at the time of his death, was suffering from pneumonic plague, and that within forty-eight hours the epidemic will be running like fire through the streets of New Orleans. One whisper of this news in the Press, he realises, will set the city in a panic; there will be a rush to escape, and infection will be carried to all parts of the country. With great difficulty he manages to impress on Paul Douglas, the worried head of the Homicide Squad, the need both for haste and secrecy. The rest of the film, working with all the concentrated force of a pressure cooker, shows how the murderers are traced, the contacts isolated, and the epidemic stopped.

All this is done by director Elia Kazan with his peculiar flair for getting into the very heart of a scene, so that you can almost feel the greasy black pavements under your feet, smell the frying onions in the quayside cafés, and the huge handfuls of bananas on the belt in the fruit warehouse, and breathe the clean salt air that blows in grateful gusts from over the water. The camera has caught some beautiful moments among the deliberately squalid ones—I recall, in particular, a lovely shot across the deck of a ship, with the gulls flying. The continuity is cut clean to the bone. Except for one regrettable scene in which the doctor's wife, with a perfect genius for ill-timing, tells her harassed husband about the impending patter of tiny feet, hardly a shot is expendable.

Richard Widmark, craftily photographed with just the faintest shadow under the eyes to emphasise the interestingly hollow cheekbones, gives his most mature performance yet. Paul Douglas has the proper strength of voice and build to play against Widmark's lighter weight and quicker style; and a newcomer, Walter Palance, plays the murderer with a lot of promise.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEWS



A MURDER mystery with a difference is the description of *The Woman in Question* now being made at Pinewood under the direction of Anthony Asquith. It tells the story of a woman seen through the eyes of five different people. Jean Kent has the central rôle, with Dirk Bogarde, Susan Shaw, Hermione Baddeley, Charles Victor and John McCallum in the other leading parts.

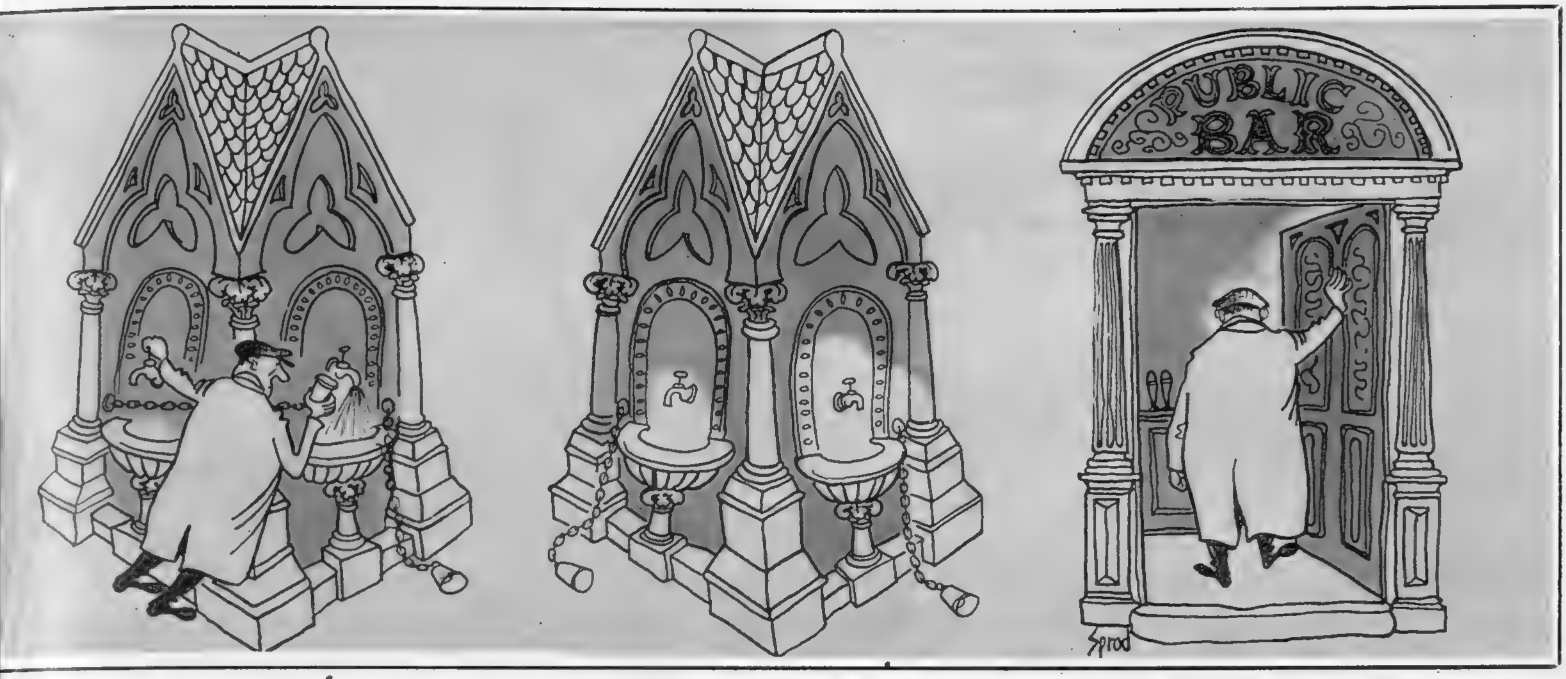
On the right is Jean Kent as Astra, the fortune-teller, with Dirk Bogarde as Bob Baker, one of the men in her life.

In the scene below, Bob and Catherine (Susan Shaw) are leaving Astra's house after a heated argument with her. On their way out Mr. Pollard (Charles Victor) tries to intervene and is thrust aside.

Photographs by CORNEL LUCAS.

The Odd Sprod

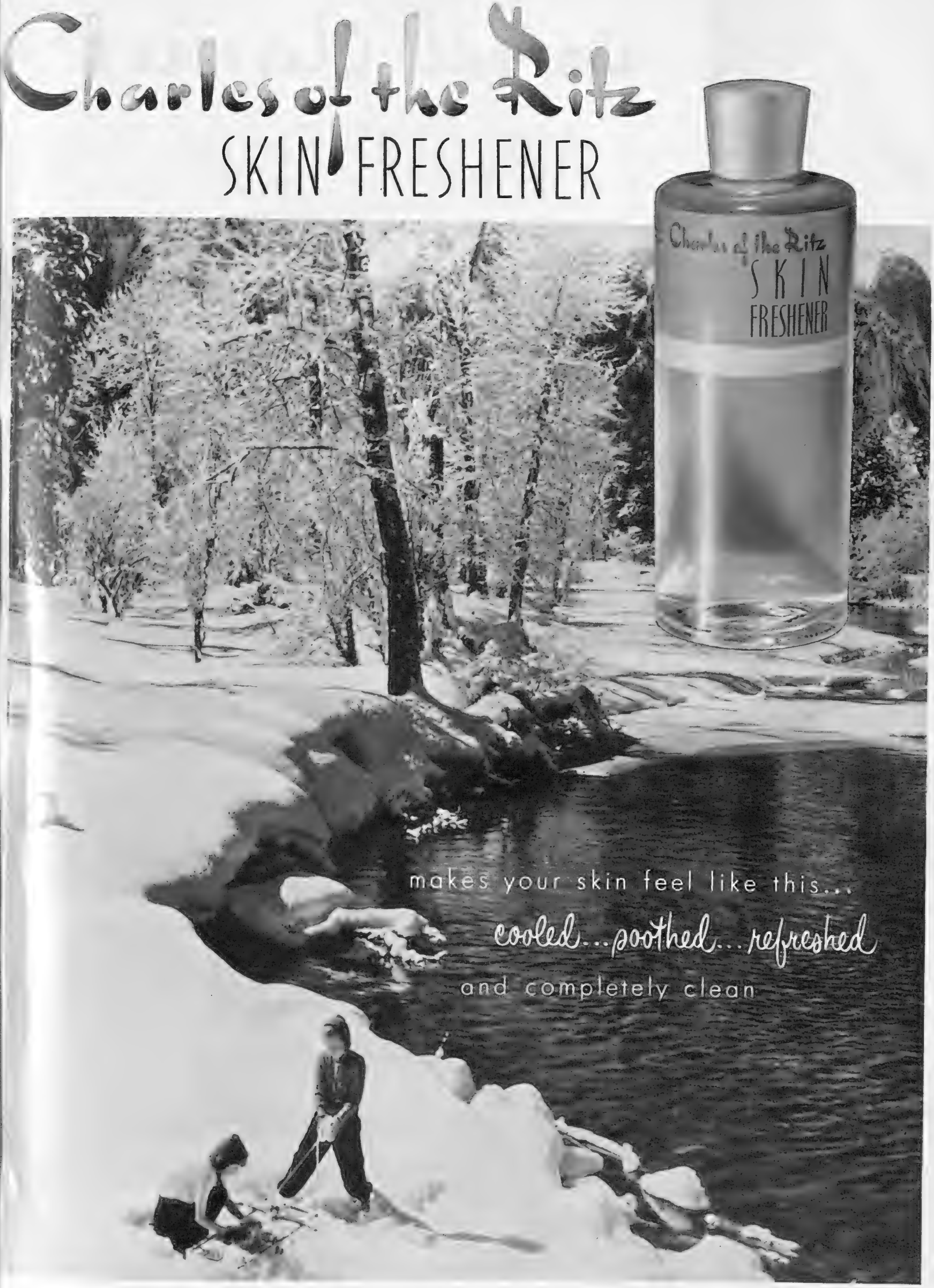
MAY, 1949—FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN:



THAMES SOUTH BANK—MAY, 1951?

Master Strokes in Mink and Fitch

TO reveal part of the beauty of an evening gown—a flowing wrap of white mutation mink cleverly designed by Albert Hart. The bolero fitted at the waist is worked in melting lines into the shoulder cape, with stole ends to tie or wear loose as you please. As always, choice of fur is decided, to some degree, by your purse ; but the style, the length, depend upon your height, your figure, your wardrobe, your purpose. The Russian fitch cape (below) from the National Fur Company is essentially wearable and practical. It goes over skirts wide or narrow, at almost any hour of the day or night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Above: Loose-fitting classic coat with raglan sleeves. It buttons to the neck and has two deep slanting pockets. The pockets and seams are hand-stitched. From 22 gns. at Jaeger branches up and down the country.

Right: A coat built on the lines of a man's, correct in every detail, even to a ticket pocket inside one of the big flapped pockets. A half-belt holds slight fullness at the back. The line is very straight and double-breasted ; the sleeves are set in and cuffed ; the price 26 gns. from Jaeger shops.

by Elizabeth Penrose

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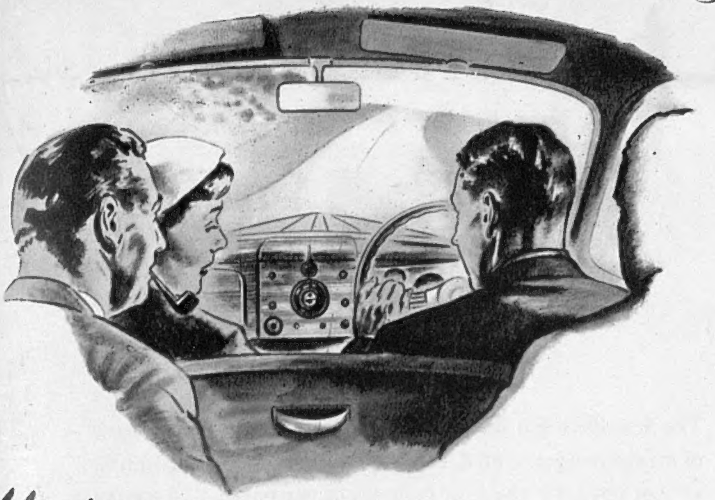

it takes 4 drivers

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Then you remember — what someone once told you — you get more body room because that hyper-efficient engine is so compact, so far forward. And so here you are gliding along ahead of the back axle with the torsion bar suspension soaking up the bumps and the clock showing a steady cruising 70.

You puff a cigarette and offer one to the other fellow. Hello! — he's watching the scenery. What a car this is — two back-seat-drivers not bothering to drive.

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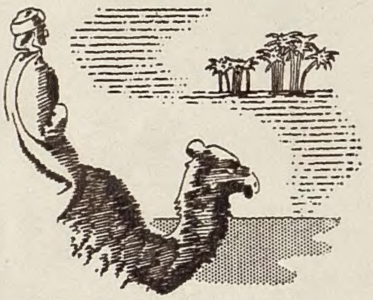

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